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INGS and KERN CAÑONS **the GIANT FOREST** **CALIFORNIA**



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Kings and Kern Canyons and the Giant Forest of California

By A. J. WELLS



San Francisco
1906



Glacier Monument, Kings River Canyon.

KINGS RIVER CANYON

This great gorge is on the South Fork of the Kings River, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about 100 miles southeast of Yosemite Valley. John Muir has called it "a second Yosemite," and Professor J. D. Whitney said of it that "it strongly resembles Yosemite in some of its grand features." I went to see it with some misgivings, unwilling to admit that the glorious Valley had a rival, but, climbing down the steep trail which leads to the foot of the canyon, its beauty and grandeur grew upon me, and when I had ridden to camp between its towering granite walls and beside its silvery river, I was forced to confess that Yosemite was not exceptional in its greatness. The Kings Canyon curves but little, so that the view is unobstructed, and you are reminded often of Inspiration Point. The great precipices of naked granite slope away at a high angle, and the fine wide meadows, the scattering groves of pine and cedar, the dashing and turbulent river, with dark depths and placid green pools and roaring white cascades, and the lofty and forested mountain slopes back of the canyon walls, make an impressive picture. Save in places, the walls are not so sheer and so continuous as in Yosemite, and the magnificent waterfalls are lacking, but the Canyon itself is vaster, and if the streams and falls, the canyons and mountain peaks immediately adjacent be included, the region is as interesting and attractive as Yosemite. Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, even says that Kings River Canyon "is bigger, wider, with higher walls which slope out of sight, and the mountains into which it rises are far wilder and more stupendous." And the late Dr. Joseph Le Conte said the Kings River Canyon "belongs to the same type as Yosemite, i. e., a valley with vertical walls and a flat floor, as contrasted with the usual V-shaped valleys of mountains generally. In Kings River the walls are equally high and equally vertical, and the floor similarly, though not equally flat." Elsewhere Dr. Le Conte says that "barring the wonderful waterfalls," the view from the Grand Lookout "will compare well with that of Yosemite from Inspiration Point or Eagle Point."

You approach the canyon through a wilder and more beautiful region. The scenery is a constant delight, the silent forest full of interest, and every summit as you climb out of the canyons is crowned with surprises. You are exploring; it is a new country that lies before you; you are with the first adventurous party



Glacier Monument.

in the primeval forest, and every mile has its charm, its revelations of tree and rock, of stream and canyon, and glimpses of far-off snowy summits, over seas of verdure.

*"Effort, and expectation, and desire—
And something evermore about to be.*

keeps you alert, sustained, unwearied, until you stand at the Grand Outlook, and the great huge canyon lies at your feet. Climbing down the three-mile zigzag trail, during which you descend 3,300 feet, you have such glimpses of the meadows, the park-like trees, the shining river and the enclosing mighty walls that you forget how rugged the trail was in absorption of the glory of the vision that opens before you.

Then the ride up the floor of the canyon—that splendid furrow plowed by the glacier—through flowers and meadows, by lines of lateral moraines, among incense cedars and sugar pines, and beside smooth, hard granite walls lifted defiantly to the heavens 3,000 to 3,500 feet high, while the river, three times the volume of the Merced, shouts as if glad of its escape into sunshine out of the dark canyons where it was born—what surprises the ride has, and what enjoyment! You must be a veteran of

the mountains if you can make that journey for the first time without a tumult of emotion—or a crick in your neck from looking up.

It is part of the spurious culture of today to be, or affect to be, proof against surprise, and to stifle emotion as a mark of crudeness, but happy the man who keeps fresh the founts of feeling in the presence of great Nature. He will enjoy these vast solitudes, and not be ashamed if the very greatness and splendor of what he sees wrings a cry of admiring wonder from his lips. Dr. Le Conte, critical, scholarly, inured to scenes of grandeur in the mountains, says of his experiences in this region: "The trail becomes steeper and rougher, cascades and falls more frequent and more beautiful, and the scenery grander and more impressive, until finally as we approached the summit I could not refrain from screaming with delight."

Standing on the narrow shelf at the summit of Mt. Stanford, overlooking the canyon and 14,000 feet above the sea, Dr. Jordan once said: "I have never seen a more magnificent mountain panorama. I have seen the mountains of this continent from Alaska to Mexico, and I have tramped many mountain miles in the Alps but such a comprehensive view of mountain masses and peaks and amphitheatres and canyons, of all the details of mountain sculpture on the tremendous scale that we are looking on now, I have never before seen."



East Lake, near Mt. Brewer.



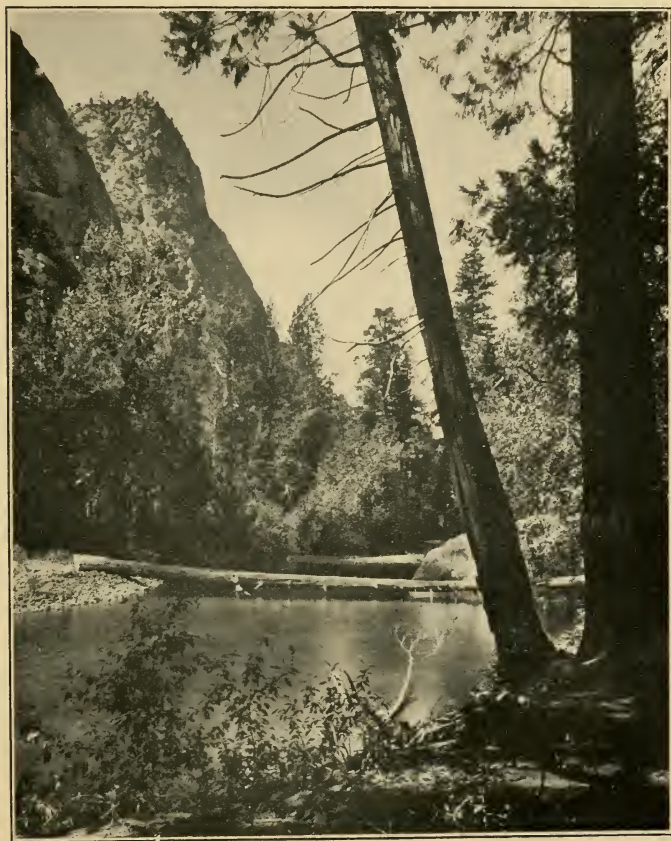
East Vidette, Bubbs Creek.

This is the glory of the Kings River Canyon—its magnificent setting. It lies embedded in the grandest mountains—the very culminating summits of the Sierra. Here are the Californian Alps. Here, at the rim of the giant cliffs which enclose the secluded valley, “the mountains may be said to begin,” and they sweep upward on both sides from 7,000 to 10,000 feet above the river. The dominating peaks of the Sierra are closely clustered here, the ridges are densely forested; there are countless clear trout streams flowing through green meadows; glacial lakes, the “eyes of the landscape,” are very numerous, while at the very crest of the mountain range we look over the wall into Nevada, 8,000 feet below us, but only 10 miles away. The opulent western slope takes from 60 to 70 miles to climb up 14,000 feet; the eastern rock wall plunges abruptly down with a grade of 1,000 feet to the mile.

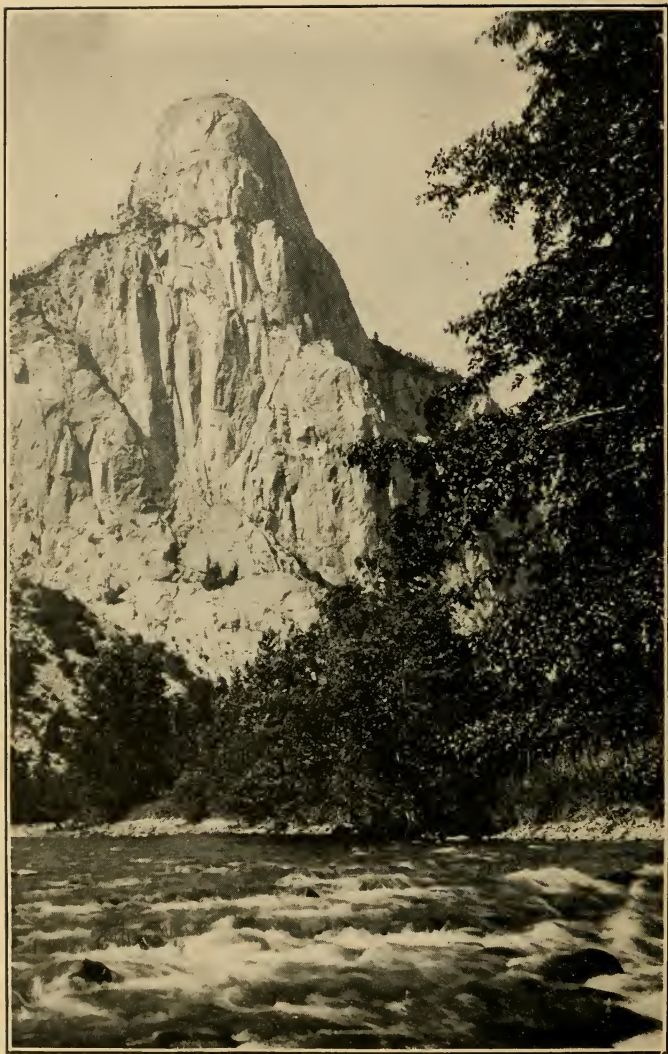
In this region Mt. Whitney is the highest peak, 14,552 feet; but Mt. Williamson is scarcely lower (14,448 feet); Mt. Tyndall's slender summit is 14,360 feet in the air; Mount Jordan is 14,275; the slender Milestone is about 14,000, and the great Kaweahs 14,141, while Junction Peak, Crag Ericsson, Crag Reflection, Mt. Brewer, the University of California Peak and others are only a little short of 14,000 feet. To the north, along the main crest

of the range, are Striped Mountain, 13,248; Split Mountain, 14,146; Middle Palisade, 14,070; Mt. Sill, 14,176; Haeckel, 13,500; Darwin, 13,854; Humphreys, 14,055 feet, and lesser peaks below the crest. Further west are Charybdis, 13,158; Scylla, 13,018, and Mt. Goddard, 13,602 feet, and unnamed groups of peaks which no foot has climbed. It is a wilderness of lofty summits—the Alps of a region that will one day be famous.

From several of these great peaks Owens Valley, on the east of the range, can be seen, the farms appearing like squares on a checker board, and more than 10,000 feet down the town of



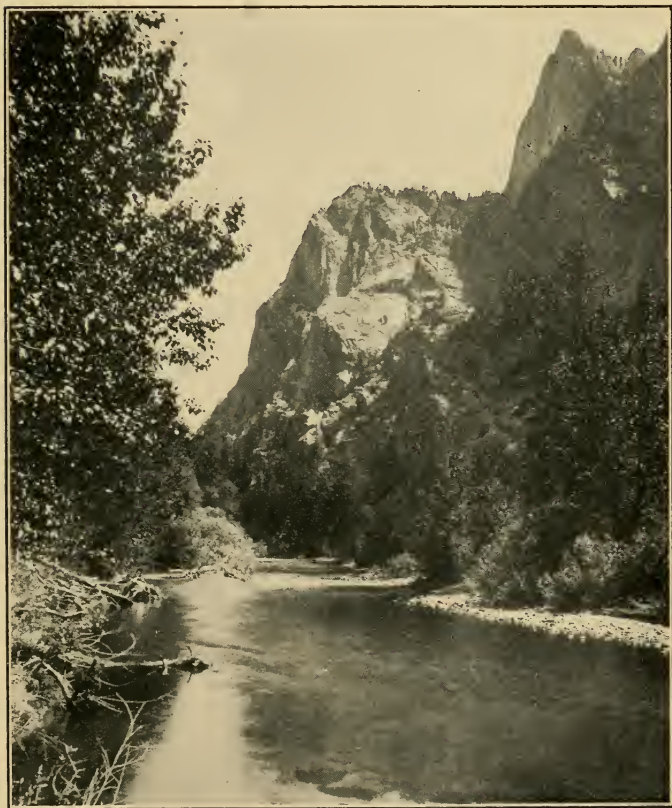
Grand Sentinel, looking up Kings River.



The Tchipite Dome

Independence, Inyo County, appears in the midst of green alfalfa fields. The nearer foreground from almost any of the great summits of this region, is filled with savage chasms and a mighty array of snowy peaks and clear, emerald lakelets scattered all about, with here and there a glacier or a glacial meadow further down, and a foaming stream. The view from Alta Peak, a day's travel southward, I found full of interest, and to those who are equal to the harder climbing, the summits of Whitney or Tyndall or Mt. Stanford will show scenes of unparalleled grandeur.

This, we repeat, is the setting in which Kings River Canyon



Grand Sentinel, Kings River.



The Floor of the Canyon.

is forever fixed—the scenic gold which holds the gem of the Southern Sierra. But how much this means will not be apparent until we have pointed out the excursions which can be made from the canyon, and until we have pointed out the canyon's great neighbors.

THE GIANT FOREST

The Sequoia National Park is the most extensive of the Forest Parks of California now under the protection of the United States Government. It consists of seven townships, bounded on the east by the high Sierra, on the north by Kings River, and on the south by Kern River, and it is guarded by a troop of cavalry.

Elsewhere in the State the great trees exist in detached groups or small groves, but on this lower southern slope of the range, and below its highest peaks, they are growing in true forest form, being fairly continuous over an area of 8 or 10 miles long by half as wide. This is the real Giant Forest, the only one in the world that in the fullest sense deserves the name. Yet the sequoia does not here grow apart, constituting a forest of its own; it is found among the sugar and yellow pines, the red and silver firs, and the incense cedars, and walking through the silent aisles it is a joy to come upon a family of the Sequoias, the dark cinnamon brown or red of the fluted trunks in strong contrast with the gray of the pine trunks and the green of the foliage.

From some high point on the trail you look over a sea of verdure, billowy, but silent, as the mountainous waves sink or rise with the undulations of the land, and in the vast expanse the eye quickly learns to locate the giants of the forest by their loftier stature, and the shape of the great rounded dome that swells above the green canopy, and to tell where the real forest of sequoias sweeps along ridges, rise out of the deep canyons, or camps on sunny plateaus. Mountaineers say there are more than 5,000 of these giants over 15 feet in diameter and from 200 to 300 feet high, and many thousand more of lesser girth. It is indeed a forest of giants, dispersed over many miles and sociably growing with trees of shorter pedigree and less dignity. "The king of all the conifers of the world," John Muir says, and he



On the Trail



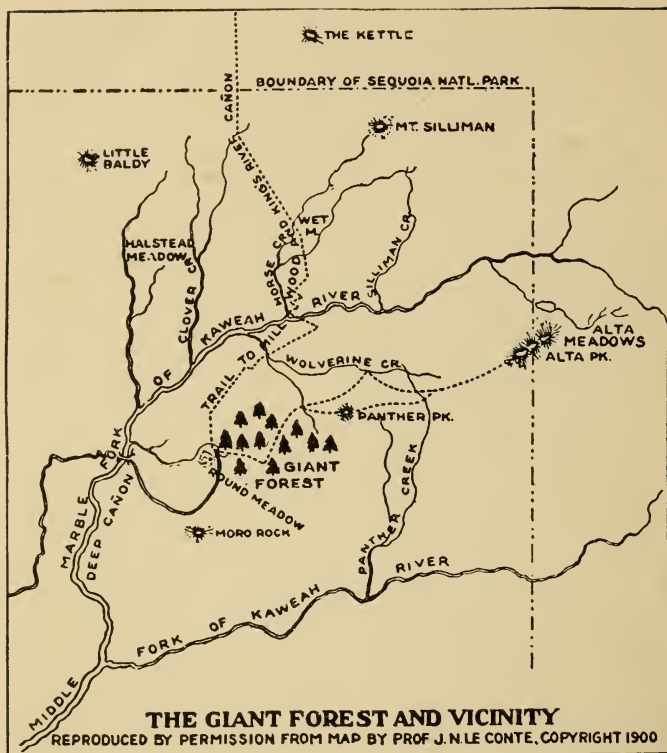
General Sherman, Giant Forest.

describes them as extending across the basins of the Kaweah and Tule rivers in noble forests, broken only by deep canyons. "Advancing southward, the giants become more and more irrepressibly exuberant, heaving their massive crowns into the sky from every ridge and slope." It is a picture to be cherished by every lover of these great trees. If they are to survive on these sunny western mountains—if our descendants, 10,000 years hence, are to see them repeating their long history and displaying their majestic beauty on these lofty plateaus, and on the borders of these deep canyons, it will be because they are "irrepressibly

exuberant" in this magnificent forest, and resow themselves in the moister shadows and in the sunny openings, the tender youngling springing up beside the venerable patriarch, and platoons of saplings crowding up the slopes which the elders have deserted. It adds to one's joy in this forest to see these young Sequoias. Professor Asa Gray looked at the giants in Calaveras grove and said, "They will not hold their own;" but the distinguished botanist never saw the Giant Forest, nor these "plantations of God" renewing their youth over miles of splendid territory, and bidding fair for immortality here in "the most glorious and



Road to Moro Rock, Giant Forest



beautiful region of America," or he would not have sighed over the dearth of seedlings in the frequented and trampled grove.

The older trees impress you with a sense of personality. They are so great as at times to be oppressive, and you creep about among them as an insect. At other times they stir your reverence, and without affectation you are ready to stand bare headed before them and to abjure all shams and pretenses. They stir your imagination; you picture them dispersed, before the Age of Ice, over several continents, and after that long winter, surviving here alone on this California mountain side, and you wonder why in the Creation's scheme all the world, except California, should be left without an idea of what a tree may be—how great, how beautiful and stately in form, how unexampled in duration of life, and you think of the

vigorous tree by your side as alive when the Master was born in Bethlehem, as tossing its green branches in the summer air when Joseph was ruling Egypt, or exuberant with young life when Helen was carried away from Troy. The age of these trees is variously estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000 years. The average size of a full grown tree, favorably situated, is given



In the Giant Forest,



The High Sierra from Mount Rixford.

by Mr. Muir as 275 feet high and 29 feet diameter near the ground. Specimens 25 feet in diameter, he says, are not rare, and a few are nearly 300 feet high. "The largest I have yet met in my wanderings is a majestic old monument in the Kings River forest. It is 35 feet 8 inches in diameter inside the bark four feet from the ground." The shape of these trees is as strik-



Trout lurk in the pools and rapids of Kings River.



ing as their size. Look at them! What grace, what proportion, what poise! They taper slowly, and a limb rarely breaks out below 100 feet, and the great fluted pillar would adorn a temple of the gods. The instep of the tree is adjusted to its bulk, and is not excessive, and the tree stands squarely over its own center of gravity. The foliage is scanty. A tree that must lift its head

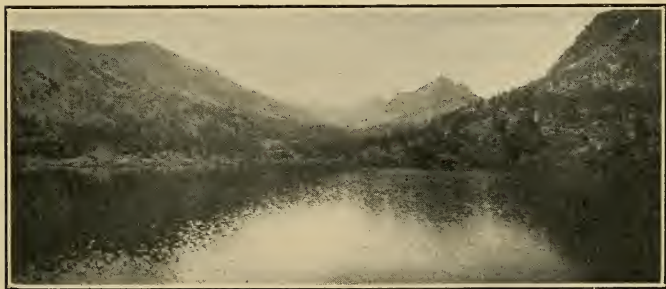




West Vidette, Bubbs Creek.

300—in a few cases 325 and even 375—feet in the air, and wrestle with the storms of 5,000 years, cannot carry full sail. The root system is not extensive, and does not penetrate deeply. It is not sufficient to account for the wonderful growth of the tree, which is believed to feed upon the air through the papery lamination of its bark. The bark is often thick, but excessively so only in the case of a few trees. I have met one familiar with the Giant Forest who thinks that a distinct variety of the *Sequoia* bears thick bark, and of many examined I have found none where the bark approximated two feet. A large proportion show bark but five or six inches thick. The specimens exhibited in curio stores are exceptional. The sequoia's cousin, or nearest relative, is the *S. sempervirens* or redwood of the Coast. A tree of more distant kinship is the swamp cypress of the Southern Atlantic Coast, itself also a survival of the glacial age, and the only other surviving relative is the *Glyptostrobus* of China, a modified form of the cypress (*taxodium*).

It is not easy to account for the survival of the Big Trees on this western slope of the Sierras, but this is certain; they are connoisseurs of climate, and grow where it is neither cold nor hot, but in a mid-region, where sunshine is abundant, but tempered by elevation, and where the cold of winter is modified by proximity to the valley, and where the snow when it falls is both mantle and moisture. You can confidently make a summer camp where the sequoia grows, for the climate is simply ideal, while the forest is open and sunny, never damp or with a musty odor of decay. It is a country fashioned so magnificently, painted so vividly, watered so abundantly, its scenery so commanding and beautiful, its primeval fastnesses so little disturbed, and its climate so nearly perfect, as to make it an ideal place for a vacation for those who enjoy nature in her own wild gardens. The whole region—the canyon and the forest—is destined to become as famous in its way as the better known Yosemite Valley, with a wider range of interesting points accessible from a central camp.



Sunrise on Bryan's Lake.



Mist Falls.



Roaring River Falls.

KERN RIVER CANYON

In some respects this is the greatest of the mountain canyons. It is full 30 miles in length, and its cliffs are precipitous and many colored. It is separated from Kings River Canyon by what is known as the Kings-Kern Divide, a sharp, narrow, irregular crest as high as the main Sierra, from which it turns at right angles to the west. In it are some of the highest peaks of the range. The route may be left undescribed, and subject to choice; you may go from Copper Creek Camp or from Camp Sierra in the Great Forest. Either of the two routes available will have many perpendicular miles, and a very surfeit of wild scenery.

Professor J. S. Hittell, who went from the Giant Forest by way of Mineral King and Farewell Gap, says: "I never before saw such scenery and magnificent mountain landscapes as I witnessed on this trip. They probably equal in rugged beauty anything of the kind in the world."

The floor of the canyon is made up of forest and meadow, and the clear, cold river rushes between walls from 3,000 to 6,000 feet high. The stream is alive with gamey trout, untroubled save by a few adventurous fishermen. Here, in what is known as Whitney Creek, is the original home of the golden trout. Did you ever catch one, and in an ecstasy of enjoyment of its beauty lay it tenderly on the grass to note its brilliant golden glow in the sunshine?

In upper Kern Lake will also be found gamey trout of large size. They are supposed to live well, as they scorn deceptive lures and will rise only to a real grasshopper.

The lower lake has warmer water, in which one may swim delectably, may paddle among the lily-pads in an old dug-out, or from the divide between the two lakes, feast his eyes on pictures which would delight an artist. It is said



On Trail to Bryanthus Lake and Mt. Brewer.

that William Keith found little to tempt his brush in all the High Sierra country until he came into Kern Canyon. The canyon walls, the dark pine, waving willow and sedgy margin of this blue mountain lake he has interpreted nobly.

At the head of the canyon the river rushes in broad sweeps over an inclined granite wall, while ten miles below two cascading creeks come in, one from the southerly side of Mt. Whitney, the other from the glaciers under the Kaweah peaks. Up the latter are found falls, cascades, rock-bound lakes and glacier-polished slopes—all very interesting and impressive.

Mt. Whitney may be reached and climbed from Kern Canyon, though the route leads through some rugged country.

Whitney was long regarded as the summit of the continent, but later measurements have reduced the height credited to this peak. Clarence King describes Mt. Whitney as "springing up and out like the prow of a sharp ocean steamer," and the Sierras here as "a bold wall, crowned by sharp turrets having a tendency to lean out over the eastern gulf." If the right point of attack is chosen, the great peak is easily climbed, and once upon the top the toil upward is gloriously rewarded. Save to the west where the great Western Divide closes the prospect, the view is magnificent. We have another and clear impression of the difference between the two sides of the Sierra. On the west a long slope of more than forty miles in a direct line merging in the foothills of the San Joaquin; eastward, lower mountains, but no foothills. Below the rim of Whitney, a vast precipice, then a leap of ridge and canyon, and sight drops away ten thousand feet to Owens River Valley. Northwest you can see Mt. Williamson and beyond Mt. Brewer and its great compeers of the Kings River country, and still beyond the great bulk of Mt. Goddard.



On Trail to East Lake.



Floor of Kings River Canyon.

The return journey may take you down the Kern Canyon, a homelike place after the desolation of the summit-world. For, while the walls are of incredible height and their polishing tells of ancient glaciers, the canyon floor is beautifully forested, and the river is companionable and rich in pictures which we can but enjoy and must carry away with us as abiding souvenirs.

Some Interesting Neighbors

If you go by way of Millwood you will first reach the General Grant National Park, small but containing 125 great trees, the largest of which is called General Grant. You will note its great size as indicated by the 40-foot board fastened across its front. Above the great cypress-like knees, however, the body of the trunk is symmetrical and measures about 90 feet in circumference. On the trail via Boulder Creek you will find another group of Big Trees, and will note one standing dead from base to crown—the only instance known of a Sequoia dying a natural death. They do not die, nor even decay as other trees. Fallen, they waste away for what seems easily a thousand years, and living they are not the prey of insects nor the victims of disease. This tree has plainly starved to death. In the rocky ravine where it stands it found inadequate soil and moisture, and perished, the white trunk and bare limbs looking like a skeleton tree, but standing erect as a soldier saluting, and keeping in death a pathetic dignity of its own.

The objective point will be a camp in the canyon, your own, or the camp established at Copper Creek, and where you may sleep under the stars and have your trout fried by Mrs. Kanawyer in pure olive oil. Over against you will be the Grand



Junction Meadow.

Sentinel, a majestic granite rock splendidly colored and 3,500 feet high, with the river singing at its base, and the view up or down the canyon one to stir a poet or an artist.

From Copper Creek as a base of supplies various excursions can be made, some on foot in a few hours, some on horseback requiring days. Thus you may explore the recesses of Paradise Canyon as far as Mist Falls, or visit Roaring River Pool for a delightful view and a good catch of trout. The stream in the one case tumbles over a series of inclines, and in the other excitedly plunges through an opening in the solid rock into a wide green pool. Roaring River comes into the canyon about half way from the lower end to the camp, and its course is marked on the maps, "Impassable Gorge." What Mr. Muir calls "booming cascades" must be in that gorge, a good sized river getting down over 3,000 feet without ever once being shaken "loose and free in the air to complete the glory of this grandest of Yosemitees."

PARADISE CANYON

This is made by Kings River as it comes down from the north, beating its way for miles in a chain of cascades and falls, roaring, tossing, surging, filling the canyon with its tumult. The walls rise from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and about 8 miles up stand back and make room for charming meadows and gravelly flats. It is a place of great solitude, but the meadow, one grand waterfall and several smaller ones makes the solitude musical.

BUBBS CREEK

Leaving Paradise Canyon on the left, we may go up Bubbs Creek for a long excursion. It is a trail often rugged, and keeps close to a creek full of big fishing pools, falls and cascades, and the music of the tumbling white torrent that has worn its way into the heart of the granite rocks. The trail leads to Kearsarge Pass, where the mighty continental divide is thrust up to an elevation of 12,056 feet at its lowest point, a score of sharp

peaks cutting the sky line far above the pass, while between rush the streams or gleam the icy lakes born of storms and snows and glaciers. Vidette Meadow is a beautiful camping place overlooked by two splendid peaks, North and South Vidette. A glorious place is Lake Bryanthus, where the mountain splendor seems to culminate. Here the view of Mt. Brewer is magnificent, while the fine outlines of East and West Videttes, the pinnacled and splintered peaks of Kearsarge, the conical and symmetrical form of University Peak, the huge bulk of Stanford and the loftier summit of Mt. Keith, Charlotte Peak with Charlotte Lake at its foot—all are embraced in the view.

Kearsarge Pass is two miles beyond Lake Bryanthus, the highest of all the Sierra passes. It is the sharp edge of the mountain range—the rocky backbone of the Sierras, so narrow that your horse strides it standing on both sides of the range at once. It is worth the long climb to stand here on this dividing ridge and look down the steep eastern wall to where Owens Valley lies spread out like a map, while around you tower the great mountain masses with sharp peaks, the summit crests of the continent, full of an awful fascination.

TEHIPITE VALLEY

This will well repay a visit. It is on the Middle Fork of the Kings River, and the trip will require from three to five days. The valley is the Yosemite of the Middle Fork, and is about three miles long, with walls from 2,500 to 4,000 feet high. Several small cascades spring from a great height and sing and shine on the



University Peak, beyond Lake Bryanthus.



Camping in Cedar Grove.

canyon walls, one seen from the front seeming a nearly continuous fall about 2,000 feet high. A grander fall is called Tehipite, and is about 1,800 feet high, the last plunge being over a sheer precipice 400 feet into a beautiful pool.

Tehipite Dome and Tehipite Pinnacles are worth traveling far to see, while the journey there is through the bewildering scenery of the High Sierra. The sunny valley retains all its wild simplicity and is enchantingly beautiful.

In and Around the Giant Forest

The excursion to the forest may be taken from Kings River on the way home, or Camp Sierra in the midst of the great trees may be a point of departure for many delightful days. Here the party or the individual may be equally at home, and excursions may be made on foot or by the pack and saddle train with a guide. The trails are numerous and easily trodden, and will lend themselves to solitary enjoyment, if one wishes to be alone among these giants of other ages. The tallest tree in the forest is said to measure 340 feet. We measured one fallen tree, which spans beautiful Crescent Meadow, and estimating the length of the top, which was gone, made it 310 feet. We measured the "Gen. Sherman" beside the trail and found it 80 ft. in girth eight feet above the ground. We called attention to the fact that "Roosevelt" was not a very large tree. A colored trooper, who stood by, instantly said: "But the tree is young. It will grow."

The trails are marked by these great fluted columns, alive in every twig and fibre, and the oldest apparently good for some thousands of years yet to come.

Moro Rock, Crescent Meadow, the Sherman tree, the Marble Fork of the Kaweah, and Sunset Rock are favorite short excursions. A picnic on Moro Rock, with its perpendicular face of 2,000 feet, is an easy tramp by a charming trail. From Sunset Rock may be seen the Marble Canyon, the San Joaquin Valley and the Coast Range faintly outlined. In the Marble Fork you will find yourself looking straight down the vertical face of rocks into emerald pools you cannot reach with your longest lines. A longer excursion will take you to Alta Meadows, and the feeblest can climb Alta Peak, 11,522 feet. From its summit we enjoyed a splendid panorama of peaks and canyons. Few of the higher peaks offer a wider range of vision. The meadows, with grass and flowers, good water and a group of trees under which to camp, are immediately at the foot of the peak, and you pluck a bouquet of flowers as you go up in August, and on the summit take a hand at snow-balling with the zest of other days.

Other excursions are to Kern Canyon, the trail over Farewell Gap in plain sight from Alta Meadows, and to Kings Canyon and home by Grant National Park, if you like. It is an enchanting region, and from the camp as a base you may spend the summer without a dull day.

The Way to the Giant Forest

GIANT FOREST

Is reached by Broder and Hopping's Stage line from Lemon Cove Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. A hotel at Lemon Cove provides for the first night. The mountain road is one of the best in the State, and hugging the north hillsides has much coolness and shade under oaks and maples, the last twelve miles being in the pines. There is no trail riding or packing on the way, the stages going at once into Camp Sierra at Round Meadow over the Government road. Then you are shut in by such a forest as can be seen nowhere else in the world.



Lake Charlotte.



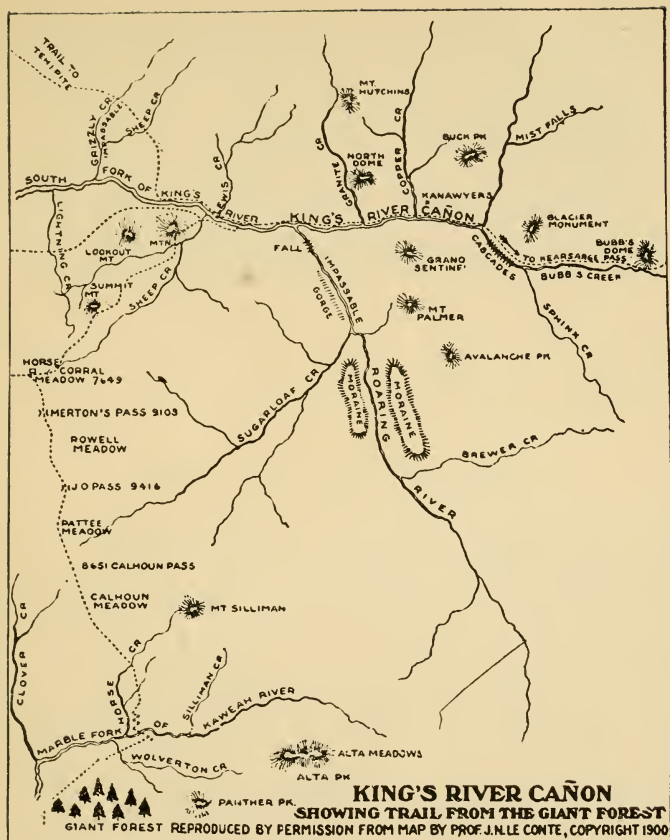
Broder and Hopping's Camp in the Giant Forest, known as Camp Sierra, has 10x12 tents, with floors, spring cots and comfortable furnishings, a good kitchen and large tent dining room. A clear stream of cold-water runs through the camp, and the Big Trees stand all about the grounds. At night a large camp-fire is made under the trees, and seats provided for guests. A good table is set, and the place is made as home-like as possible, while having the freedom of out of doors. Mail is carried on every stage, and the stages land passengers directly in the camp. Picnic and excursion parties are amply provisioned. The guides are competent cooks, and blankets are provided for camping out. Good food, cleanliness and comfort are aimed at. Rates at Camp Sierra are \$2.00 per day, or \$50.00 per month. Improvements will be made each season, and the needs and comforts of guests carefully looked after. Located in the midst of the greatest forest in the world, the grandeur of the trees, the mountains and canyons, the beauty of the meadows, the wild gardens and flowers offer attractions hard to equal.

The carpet of brown pine needles, the sparkling mountain streams, the clear vistas, notable for absence of underbrush, the marvelous climate, the exhilarating atmosphere of these 6,000 feet of altitude, make the camps in the greatest wood of the world a summer paradise.

Sleeping out of doors is a new pleasure to many, and a pleasant experience to the amateur. One lies drowsing, listening, breathing fragrant, soothing balms and the smell of the spruce pine, while,

"Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream."

The "Flier," leaving San Francisco at 8:20 a. m., arrives in Exeter at 5:16 p. m., connecting with the train for Lemon Cove. Stop is made over night at Lemon Cove Hotel.



Stage Schedule between Lemon Cove and Giant Forest (Camp Sierra)

Leave Lemon Cove at 6:30 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Arrive Giant Forest at 6:00 p. m. the same day.

Leave Giant Forest at 6:00 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Arrive Lemon Cove at 3:40 p. m.

Stage from Lemon Cove to Giant Forest \$6.50. Round Trip \$12.00.

Tickets can be had at Ferry Building, San Francisco, for round trip to Giant Forest, three days in the forest at Camp

Sierra, hotel accommodations, transportation, etc., with no further expense—a seven-day trip for \$35.50.

Broder and Hopping mountain pack trains at Camp Sierra and well equipped riding and pack animals with guide, packer, cook, provisions, bedding, etc., can always be arranged for. From this Camp they will pilot you to Kings River Canyon. The trail leads you past the famous Big Tree, Gen. Sherman, through two and one-half miles of Sequoias, across the beautiful Marble Fork on a graded Government trail and through many beautiful meadows in full sight of Mt. Silliman. At noon a panorama of the High Sierra is spread before you. Mt. Brewer, Mt. King, Milestone, Table Mountain and many others, while blue and dim below you trail the depths of the Kings River Canyon. Eighteen miles from Camp Sierra brings you to Horse Corral Meadow where camp is made for the night. From this point the seven miles into the canyon is over the same trail as that from Millwood.

Detailed information can be secured by addressing Broder and Hopping, Kaweah, California.

The Way to Kings River Canyon

Kings River Canyon is reached by the Kings River Stage and Transportation Company from Sanger or Visalia. R. H. Gallagher is manager. The Southern Pacific will drop you at Sanger or Visalia; you will stop over night at a comfortable hotel, and early next morning will leave on the Kings River stage. It is a forty-five mile drive from Sanger to Sequoia Lake, and fifty from Visalia, but the route is interesting and the journey easily made between 6:00 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

A "Tent City" at Sequoia Lake provides accommodations, and after a night's rest, saddle horses and the pack trains await you, with Copper Creek as the objective point. The route takes you at once into Grant National Park, where stand many fine Sequoias and where lies the famous tree through which you can ride on horse-back, emerging at a knot hole. We found a full sized bed standing across the diameter of this fallen tree, and rode past the foot of the bed without difficulty. This tree is much decayed and has evidently been down for centuries. The Park is a wild garden and at its upper line the reason for this protected area is seen in the waste and ruin of the forest by millmen.

The first day by the trail takes you to Horse Corral and by 4:30 p. m. next day you are in camp at Copper Creek in the heart of the Canyon. The trail can be taken by any good walker, or managed on the back of sure-footed horses by those who are not robust. It is not a rough ride; the scenery is a constant delight, the silent forest full of surprises, and the camp the



Camp on Boulder Creek.

first night out under the pines, on the edge of a charming meadow, with sweet, cool water trickling through the grass, will be remembered for its appetite and its refreshing sleep. An appropriation was made by the last legislature to build a road to the canyon.

Daily Schedule between Sanger and Sequoia Lake

(SEASON, MAY-OCTOBER.)

Lv. Sanger	6:00 A. M.
Ar. Dunlop's (lunch)	12:00 M.
Ar. Sequoia Lake	5:30 P. M.
Lv. Sequoia Lake	7:00 A. M.
Sweets (lunch)	12:20 P. M.
Ar. Sanger	4:00 P. M.

Daily Schedule between Visalia and Sequoia Lake

Lv. Visalia	6:00 A. M.
Camp Badger (lunch)	1:30 P. M.
Ar. Sequoia Lake	5:30 P. M.
Lv. Sequoia Lake	6:30 A. M.
Ar. Auckland (lunch)	11:30 A. M.
Ar. Visalia	4:00 P. M.

The rate from San Francisco to General Grant National Park and return is \$19.40; and from San Francisco to Copper Creek and return is \$26.00.

The uniform rate for meals after leaving Sanger or Visalia is fifty cents, save where a rate is secured by the week or month or for the trip. Camp rate, including meals, at Sequoia Lake is \$2.00 per day, but lower rates are made for guests remaining for any length of time.

For parties desiring to camp out in the Canyon, transportation of persons and camping outfit will be provided from Sequoia

Lake to Copper Creek and return for \$7.00; a day and a half going, and a day and a half returning. Additional transportation will be provided at the rate of \$2.50 a day, including meals and camp, to any part of the region, the hire of guide will be extra as noted. Special rates will be made for large parties.

Part of the comfort of such a trip as we have outlined, is that everything is provided. You take but your personal belongings, and on the stage, on the trail, at the camps—everywhere you are amply and fully furnished. Food is abundant and well cooked, extra blankets are at hand, horses are gentle, and every want is anticipated. You need only take your satchel as for a railway journey. The Tehipite sheet of the United States Geological Survey's atlas will be found very valuable and costs but five cents. Prof. J. N. Le Conte, of the University of California, has also mapped this region in great detail.

Seats in the stage from Sanger or Visalia will be reserved, and further information furnished upon application to any agent of the Southern Pacific, or to R. H. Gallagher, Manager Kings River S. & T. Company, Sanger, Cal.

The heart of the Sierra holds nothing more attractive than the great gorge of the Kings River, the Kern River, and the Grand Forest. For a midsummer outing it offers more beauty of landscape, more variety of rock sculpture, more sublimity of canyon walls and mountain peak and cliff, more fascination of forest and meadow and glacial lake, and more enjoyment for the sportsman in trout pools and streams of almost virgin water, more beauty of the wild and aboriginal than any other section of the great Range.

The fine photographs used in illustration of this booklet were taken by Messrs. H. C. Tibbitts and Edward T. Parsons.

Questions will be answered and more specific information given by Agents of the Southern Pacific at Visalia and Sanger, or by the Information Bureau, Ferry Building, San Francisco.

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The Sacramento Valley of California, 96 pages, 10 cents.

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